



A

Pindaric ODE,

Sacred to the

MEMORY

OF

*The Most Reverend Father in GOD,*

D<sup>R</sup>. **William Sancroft,**

Once MASTER of *EMMANUEL* College

IN

CAMBRIDGE,

AND

LATE Arch-BISHOP

OF

CANTERBURY,

Who Departed this LIFE *November 24th. 1693.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed by *T. B.* and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor,*  
near *Stationers-Hall,* MDCXCIV.

A

Pindaric ODE

dedicated to the

MEMOIR

OF

THE Most Reverend Father in C. O. D.

D. GILBERT

ONE MASTER OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE

IN

CAMBRIDGE

AND

LATE Arch-BISHOP

OF

CANTERBURY

Who Departed this Life 17th November 1741. 1693.

LONDON

Printed by V. G. and are to be sold by Richard Taylor,  
near St. James's Hall, MDCCXIV.

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D<sup>R</sup>. **William Sancroft, &c.**

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## *Strophe I.*

**O**Nce more Vouchsafe, Indulgent Mule,  
 T' inflame my suppliant Breast with sacred Fire;  
 Since now a Task I chuse,  
 The Noblest and the Ablest to Inspire,  
 The Saddest, yet the Worthiest, Theme,  
 That e're engag'd our Eyes in Tears to flow,  
 Or e're requir'd a full Castalian Stream,  
 To bear the Solemn Pomp of Numerous Woe.  
 Much Grief enchas'd with Joy is to be set,  
 An Iv'ry Triumph in Dispairing Jet;  
 Sadness and Pleasure here must Play their Part,  
 With mighty Truths Adorn'd with Wondrous Art.

A 2

*Antistrophe I.*



*Antistrophe I.*

'Tis **SANCROFT**'s Venerable Name,  
 Great **CANTERBURY**'s Greater Patriarch,  
 The Nation's Pride and Shame,  
 That now becomes the Muses worthy Mark,  
 Thou, Goddess, tho' the Mark be high,  
 And far beyond a Mortal's humble Ken,  
 Be sure to Reach it with a Daring Eye,  
 And lively Touches of a Skillful Pen.  
 And that Success may favour Thee the more,  
 Invoke that Goodness, **SANCROFT** did adore:  
 Call to thine Aid those High Celestial Powers,  
 That now have Crown'd Him theirs, who late was Ours.

*Epod. I.*

Ah ! How the Numbers of his Vertues rise !  
 Ah ! How his Splendors Dazle Mortal Eyes !  
 Ah ! How his Rays Engagingly Surprise !  
 What Art shall now the various Scenes relate ?  
 How shall our Zeal the God-like Hero trace,  
 From **Freshfield**, his Native Place,  
 Thro' all the Turns of his Meandering Fate ?  
**EMMANUEL** First the hopeful Scholar took,  
 And Smil'd on Him with her Auspicious Look;  
 She Saw her Image in his Eye express'd,  
 And at first View,  
 The Mighty, Flowing Treasures knew,  
 The Wealth of his All-comprehending Breast.  
 There fix'd in her bright Zodiac long he shone,  
 Of Twelve the brightest Constellation :  
 Till high advanc'd to the Phœbean Carr,  
 His Beams appear'd more Bright and Darted far.

He

Him Fair *EMMANUEL* did Create  
 Her *Master*, ( as the World miscals the Name, )  
 Tho' He took on Him but a *Servile* State,  
 The *Grandeur* all to his *Emmanuel* Came :  
 He would be *Less*, that She might rise more *Great*.  
 Thence *Paul* receiv'd his *Venerable* Head,  
 And He reliev'd the much *Distressed Paul* :

His Tent He near the blest *Apostle* Spread,  
 And Built, and was Himself to Him, a *Wall*  
 Till, *Sheldon* falling from the *sacred Throat*,  
 To *Canterbury's* brighter *Orb* he rose :  
 Wife *Charles* durst on his *Shoulders* strong alone  
 The *Mighty Bulk*, of that *Vast Globe* repose.

### Strophe II.

But, now what *Tongue*, what *Pen*, what *Art*,  
 Can half the *Summ* of his *High Praises* tell?  
 The *Depth* of his *Wife Heart*,  
 Religion's *spring*, Learning's *unfathom'd Well* ?

The *Treasures* of his *Wealthy Mind*,  
 The *Magazines* of his well furnish'd *Brain*,

His *Love Diffusive*, *Favour* unconfin'd,  
*Sense Quick*, as *Lightning*, *Candor Sweet* as *Rain* ?  
*Judgment*, as *piercing*, as the *Eye of Day* ;  
*Patience*, amidst *injurious Treatments* Gay,  
*Humility*, like *Corn* in *fertile Vales*,  
 And well-fix'd *Loyalty*, which never fails ?

B

Antistrophe II.

*Antistrophe. II.*

Witness, Blest **Lambeth**, lately Blest,  
 When **SANCRIFT**'s Presence cheer'd Her gladfom Heart:  
 Witness, his Constant Guest,  
 The Poor, which ne'r from Him did Empty part.  
 • Witness the Church, his only Wife,  
 His Friend, his Darling, Dear as Light or Breath:  
 That held her Triumph's equal with his Life,  
 But Lost Her Crown and Comfort at his Death.  
 Witness those Ears, that heard his Wond'rous Sense,  
 And those his Works; that now fresh Life Commence.  
 Witness these Times, that could not shake his Soul,  
 And Future Times, that will his Fame Enroul.

*Epod. II.*

Muse Change thy Note! This Glorious Orb of Light  
 Is now Eclips'd, and all his Splendors Bright,  
 Sunk in th' Abyss of Everlasting Night.

**EMMANUEL** weeps, and *Fresingfield* is sad,

The Church is Widow'd, Destitute the State,

*Antistrophe II*

*B*

*Lambeth*



*Lambeth* Deplores her Rigid Fate,  
 And *Learning* is in Weeds of *Sable* clad:  
 Our *Israel* is Depriv'd of her Defence,  
 Her Horse and Chariots now are Ravish'd hence,  
 And *Loyalty* and *Virtue* hence are Fled:

Religion's Name

Remains, but She's no more the same:  
 See, how, alas! She hangs her drooping Head.  
 Farewel, Great *Prelate*, Last and Best of all,  
 That e're were vested with the Sacred Pall:  
 Prince of our *Confessors* Triumphant Crew,  
 Pride of the Crown and of the Mitre too:

Thee, *SANCTUARY*, Heaven hath now enrol'd,  
 Secure, and far remov'd from Mortal Cares,

Crown'd and Rewarded now a Thousand Fold,  
 For all thy Faith, thy Patience, Love and Prayers,  
 And Stately Walking on *Ethereal* Mold.

We, wretched Souls, low grow'ing on the Ground,

Depriv'd of thy Paternal, Past'ral Care,  
 T' unequal Times and Chains of Error Bound,

Will yet endeavour our Losses to Repair.

Still on thy Bright Example We will look,

And Learn from thence Things Present to Despise,  
 And Study Heaven in thy Diviner Book,

Which doth the Counterpart of Heaven Comprize.

## ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΥ.

- Α. Ἐπαλὲ μοι, πῶς αἶδ' πολυκλαίτω, ὦδ' Τύμβω  
 Στήθεζε, ἀπλῆς Παρθένου εἰμασίη·
- Β. Μῦσαι, καὶ Χάριτες, παρὰ δ' Ἐυσιβώϊτ', Ἀρεή τι,  
 Καὶ Χθαμελοφροσύνη, καὶ Φιλακαλότης.
- Α. Τίς γὰρ μοι τάπηται; Β. σοφὴ καὶ Σαγμωφόρος.
- Α. Αἰ, αἰ! Σὺ δ' ἄρ' οἶσ' πᾶσι ξυλάλα καὶ χερσίν.

## HIS EPITAPH.

**S**AY, Virgins, what are You, whose Mournful Face  
 Augments the Sadness of this Burial Place?

Our Name's Religion, Learning, Charity,  
 Vertue, an Humble Mind and Loyalty.

Who then Lies here? a Sanctofe the Good and Wise.

Alas! All Worth with Him Entombed lies.

**FINIS.**